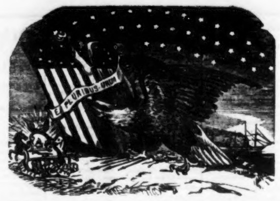
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST. SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1531.

Choice Poetry.

THE FIRST DOUBT.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

My heart is chilled with sudden fear,
And heavy on my spirit lies
The doubt that fell from thy harsh lips,
And looked from thy reproachful eyes.

And wist thou not love's mightiest spell,
Its pure and perfect trust is broken,
By the cold thought thy heart hath nursed,
And the cold words thy lip hath spoken

Ah, thou of little faith! come then,
No gentle memories to thee,
No earnest tone, no still caress,
No smile, no tear to plead for me?

Had all the love of all our past,
No voices calling through thy heart?
Shone not my eyes upon thy soul,
A light to bid all clouds depart?

Alas! though fond, endearing names
Upon our lips once more may live,
Yet love hath ceased to be divine
When those who love must say "forgive!"

Fair morning skies are o'er us still,
Yet sadder than the shades of night,
The shadow of thy first dark thought
Is hiding all our heaven from sight!

We drink no more at hope's clear springs
But bitter draughts of vain regret—
Young Love who led us forth to life,
Rose-crowned and joyous, leads us yet;

But tearful now his weary eyes,
Faint smiles around his sweet lips play,
And red drops falling from his wounds
Stain all the flowers along his way.

Beware, oh dearest, lest some shaft
May pierce his gentle heart at last,
And the dim light of his sad smile
No longer on our path be cast!

Lest parting at his early grave,
With summer's perished blooms o'er strewn,
We go forth through the world's wild waste
And tread its weary ways alone!

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL. (CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE MAIDEN'S INTERCESSION.

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.

GENERAL CHANGARNIER.

General Changarnier and Louis Napoleon, seem now to be the most important men of the hour, in France. A misunderstanding between them, is the principal topic of discussion in the Paris papers. Changarnier is by far the abler man of the two—he is a general of great intrepidity and skill. Some apprehend that he will prove a second Napoleon—but Napoleons do not grow on every bush. We shall see, however, whether he realizes his friends' anticipations.

[illegible]

Pictures of Life.

THE NERVOUS GENTLEMAN.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN.

The most troublesome patient which a medical man can possibly have is a nervous, fidgetty, hypochondriacal gentleman, and were it not that such patients are rather profitable, the members of the medical profession would raise a great outcry upon the subject, and nerves and nervousness would be rated bores instead of being attended to with great gravity, and prescribed for with great regularity, the "ordinary medicine" given consisting usually of bread pills rolled in magnesia, and effervescing draughts, *ad libitum*, according to the strength of the patient's credulity and purse. I am a retired physician now, so I can afford to be a *little candid* now and then.

Nearly twenty years ago, there lived in Bloomsbury Square one of my best patients, by name Mr. Augustus Brown.

Mr. Brown was a gentleman of competent independence, and of a literary and virtuoso turn of mind. At about forty years of age he began to study medicine a little, and to take care of his health a great deal. He bought medical books, prowled about the wards of hospitals, and made himself as unhappy as any uncomfortable, middle-aged, single gentleman could wish to be. I learned these particulars of him from a friend who recommended him to me.

When I was first called to attend him, not knowing that his diseases were all imaginary, I was quite taken in for about a quarter of an hour or so.

I found him lying on his back on the sofa, the room was darkened, and he was groaning in an extremity of anguish. I turned to his housekeeper, who had marshalled me in, and said,

"What is the matter with Mr. Brown?"

He heard me, and called out,

"What is the matter—the matter! Oh! oh! oh!"

I advanced towards him, and said,

"I am sorry to find you so indisposed, sir."

"Oh! oh! oh!" was his only answer.

"Perhaps," I continued, "you will have the kindness to prescribe your symptoms."

After a few preparatory groans, he commenced, "I—oh!—oh!—ah you'll scarcely believe it, but look at my leg, down my ankle, I mean. Oh! oh! oh!—horrible, horrible."

I cast my eyes down to his ankle, and to my surprise, saw that it was tied fast by a silk handkerchief to the leg of the sofa.

"What is this for?" I said.

"You may well ask,—oh! oh!"

"Whatever may be the matter with your ankle I shall undo this most unsurgical and very improper bandage."

"Wretch!" he cried, "would you destroy me?"

"Destroy you?"

"Yes. What dependence have I, if I am not tied—what hold upon the world have I?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Listen," he said.

"Well."

"I am *too light*."

"Too light?"

"Yes."

"Pray, sir, explain yourself."

"You know why a balloon goes up?"

"Yes, surely."

"Why?"

"Because it is lighter than an equal bulk of air."

"Very good."

"Well—but, sir, how does that———"

"Apply to me, you would say, Doctor?"

"Exactly."

"This way. I am lighter than an equal bulk of air; and if I was not tied down, whiff I should go up—up—up! Oh! it's dreadful!—oh! oh! oh! ah!"

He always put in the ah! as if he had been suddenly seized with some dreadful pain, and it really had a most comical effect.

I now saw through the case in a moment, and I said,

"Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Mistaken?" he cried.

"Yes."

"You ought to know better. A *friend* of mine told me you were a very clever man."

"What! suppose, now," I said, "you were to allow me to undo this handkerchief."

"Up I should go!" he roared; "and if the window was open, out I should sail."

"Indeed," I said.

"Yes," he continued; "I have a very slight hold upon the earth. For some days I found myself getting lighter, until at last you see I am forced to tie myself down,—oh! oh! ah!"

"Suppose I hold your collar," said I, "while the handkerchief is taken off."

"I don't mind," he replied, "just to convince you."

I therefore held his collar with one hand, and unbound the handkerchief with the other.

"There, you see," he said, "look at my leg," and he poked his leg up as high as he could.

"But you could put it down," said I.

"No, no."

"Oh! yes, you could. There, you see, I've let go your collar."

"But I'm holding on, you perceive, and it's no little exertion. I begin to think you don't understand my case."

"Oh, yes, I do," said I; "you must have a course of *preponderating* pills."

"What?" he cried, suddenly dropping his leg.

"Preponderating pills!"

"I never heard of them."

"Very likely."

"But, my dear sir," he exclaimed, bolting upright.

"Dear me, Mr. Brown," I said, "you are better."

"No, I ain't,—oh! oh! ah!"

"Well, I can remedy your disease."

"You can?"

"Yes, by the preponderating pills."

"They will increase my density, I suppose, by contracting the—the absorbents, and so on."

"Exactly."

"Astonishing! My dear sir, you are the only medical man that ever understood my case, and last year when I was gradually *estrifying*———"

"Gradually what?"

"Turning into a kind of porcelain——"

"Oh!"

"Well, I went to Abernethy, and what do you think he did?—the fool!"

I shook my head.

"Why, he told me to squat down like a Chinese, and try and have some odd colors burnt into me, so that by the time I was finished, I should be a respectable mandarin for an old China closet."

"Indeed."

"Yes, and when I remonstrated, he actually turned me out!—oh! oh! ah!"

I flattered myself that I had made a great hit in Mr. Augustus Brown's case, by my mention of the preponderating pills, and I was only astonished at the amount of his credulity upon the subject. I sent him some extremely mild pills, composed of a common harmless drug, and waited the result with some degree of patience and a considerable degree of expectation.

In a few days a message came to me to go to Mr. Brown immediately, for he feared he was *sinking fast*.

"Sinking fast?" said I.

"Yes, sir."

"Is he so weak?"

"Weak, sir?"

"Yes; you say he is sinking."

"Oh, it is cos he's too heavy."

"Too what?"

"Too heavy, sir."

"Ridiculous!"

"Master says, sir, as he's got so heavy he's obliged to be on the ground floor."

"Tell him I'll be with him immediately."

The boy, who had come from Mr. Brown's, departed, and I felt myself thoroughly posed by this second extraordinary fancy of Mr. Augustus Brown.

"So much," thought I, "for my extreme cleverness in inventing the preponderating pills."

I, however, lost no time in going to my most eccentric patient. I found him in the kitchen, lying on his back, in the middle of the floor, and groaning, as usual.

"Oh;—ah!" he cried, when he saw me, "you are come. Oh,—oh,—ah!"

"Yes," I said, with difficulty repressing a smile; "I am sorry to hear you are not quite well, Mr. Brown."

"Quite well! Oh,—oh,—ah!"

"What is the matter now, sir?"

"Oh, doctor, those preponderating pills. Oh, oh, ah!"

"What of them, sir?"

"They are too powerful. Much too strong, sir,—awfully strong."

"Too strong?"

"Yes, doctor; they have driven me to the other extreme."

"Indeed."

"Yes. You know how dreadfully light I was—you had, you recollect, to hold me from shooting out of the window."

"Hem!" said I.

"Well, do you know," he continued, "I'm now altogether as dreadfully dense and heavy. You see, I'm forced to be on a ground floor, or else I should go through the boards. Oh,—oh,—ah!"

"You must leave off the pills," said I.

"Ah, that's all very well, doctor; but you see the mischief is done. Here's a weight."

So saying, up went his leg, and down again with a heavy dab.

"What do you think of my case now?" he said. "Here is a dreadful situation to be placed in. Heavier than lead,—horrible, horrible! If I once begin, from my extreme heaviness, to break through the crust of the earth, where shall I stop? Oh!—oh!—ah!"

"It's rather a serious case," said I; "but there are remedies."

"Remedies! you bring me new life."

"Yes. You must take some anti-ponderous draught, and be careful of your diet."

"My diet?"

"Yes."

"What must I eat?"

"Mutton, principally."

"Very good. Oh, doctor, you are a clever practitioner. I find you understand my case. You are the only medical man who ever took a sensible view of my terrible constitution. Oh,—oh,—ah!"

* * * * * *

"Now," thought I, as I made up a draught of distilled water with some vegetable coloring matter, for Mr. Augustus Brown; "now I think I have managed this troublesome patient pretty well."

Alas! how vain are human anticipations. Just three nights after, I was rung up in the middle of my first sleep, so violently, that I thought for a moment that the house must be on fire. I popped my head out of the window, and asked,

"Who's there?"

"Me," was the reply, a very usual one by the way, under such circumstances.

"Who's *me*?" said I, with a laudable contempt, at the moment, for grammar.

"Please, sir, Mr. Brown's boy."

"Oh! Mr. Augustus Brown?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he light or heavy this time?"

"That's gone off, sir!"

"What," cried I, "some new freak?"

"Please, sir, yes."

"What is it?"

"Master, sir, says as how you must come directly, cos he's a-going to be *merrymorpussed*."

"Eh?"

"*Merrymorpussed*, please sir."

"Merry—what?"

"That's what he called it, sir."

"Just try and explain yourself, will you, my boy?"

"Why, sir, I thinks as he means he's a-going to be turned into *something else*."

"Oh! metamorphosed."

"Something like that, sir, or some other wild animal."

"Tell your master, I'll be with him soon."

The boy departed, and with great vexation, which even the prospect of my fee could not subdue, I put on my clothes, and sallied out to see Mr. Brown's metamorphoses.

"What can put such a thing into his head?" said I to myself, "at least my medicine is innocent this time."

When I arrived at Bloomsbury Square, I found the whole house in confusion, and I was shown into the drawing room, where sat Mr. Brown in a night-gown and slippers.

"Good-night, Mr. Brown," said I.

He only replied by a wave of his head toward a seat.

I sat down, and said,

"Well, sir, you are looking very well."

He shook his head.

"Doctor, oh,—oh,—ah!"

"Well, sir?"

"You *have* done it, at last."

"Done what?"

"Me, sir, me,—Augustus Brown, Esq."

"As how, sir?"

"What directions did you give me, when you were last here?"

"Yes; now don't cavil."

"Certainly not. I told you to take the draught I would send to you."

"Well, sir? and what else sir?"

"I told you to attend to your diet."

"But what did you tell me to eat?"

"Mutton."

"Ah!"

"Well, Mr. Brown, what of all that?"

"Mutton?"

"Yes, mutton."

"Well, doctor, I have eaten mutton. I have taken mutton for breakfast, mutton for luncheon, mutton for dinner, mutton for tea, and sir, I took mutton for supper."

I could not, for my life, suppress a smile, and it put Mr. Brown quite in a rage.

"So," he cried, "you laugh, do you?"

"Nay, my good sir, ——"

"Don't good sir me—you laughed, sir."

"Very well."

"Oh! it's very well, is it? Well, doctor, what do you suppose has been the result of all this mutton, eh, sir? I wait your answer."

"A great demand for sheep," said I, smiling.

"Don't smile," he cried.

"Well, then, seriously speaking, Mr. Brown, I don't apprehend any particular result."

"You don't?"

"I don't."

"Then I do."

"So I presume. But may I ask what, Mr. Brown?"

"You may."

"Well, what, sir?"

"Ma—a—a—a."

"What?"

"Ma—a—a—a."

"Are you mad or joking?"

"Neither, doctor; but I've eaten so much mutton, that you see, as a natural result, I am in process of becoming a sheep."

"Mr. Brown," said I.

"Ma—a—a—a," he replied.

"Sir?"

"Ma—a—a—a."

"Let me tell you, once for all—"

"Ma—a—a—a."

"You are the unhappy victim—"

"I know it. Ma—a—a—a."

"Of self-delusion."

"Eh?"

"Self-delusion, I repeat, Mr. Brown."

"What, sir?"

"You are a nervous hypochondriac, sir."

"I am no such thing, sir."

"You are, Mr. Brown. Your complaints are all delusions—the creatures of your own fancy."

"You don't understand my case, sir."

"Perfectly I do."

"You are a fool!" I smiled—"an idiot, sir. Delusion, indeed! Ma—a—a—a—oh—oh—ah!" I laughed, outright. "Leave my house, ignoramus," he roared.

"With pleasure," said I, taking my hat.

Thus ended my first connexion with Mr. Augustus Brown, the nervous gentleman, whom, however, I attended for years after that.

Selected Sketch.

THE DIVORCE.

FROM ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

If society ever be wholly corrupted, it will be by the idea that it is already so. Some cynics believe in virtue, sincerity and happiness, only as traditions of the past and by ridicule seek to propagate the notion. This vain and pedantic philosophy would turn all hearts to stone, arm every man with suspicion against all others, declaiming against the romance of life, as empty sentimentalism; against the belief in goodness, as youth's sanguine folly; and the hope of pure happiness, as a fanciful dream, created by a young imagination, to be dissipated by the teaching of a few years' struggle with the world.

If this be wisdom, I am no philosopher, and I never wish to be one; for sooner would I float upon the giddy current of fancy, to fall among quicksands at last, than travel through a dull and dreary world, without confidence in my companions. That we may be happy, that we may find sincere friends, that we may meet the good, and enjoy the beautiful on earth, is a creed that will find believers in all hearts unsoured by their own asceticism. Virtue will sanctify every fireside where we invite her to dwell, and if the clouds of misfortune darken and deform the whole period of our existence, it is a darkness that emanates from ourselves, and a deformity created by us to our own unhappiness.

Yet this is not relating the little story which is the object of my observations. The axiom which I wish to lay down, to maintain, and to prove correct, is, that married life may be with most people, should be with all, and is with many, a state of happiness. The reader may smile at my boldness, but the history of the personages I shall introduce to walk their hour on this my little stage, will justify my adopting the maxim.

M. Pierre Lavallee, owner of a vineyard, near a certain village in the South of France, wooed and wedded Mdlle. Julie Gouchard. Exactly where they dwelt, all the precise circumstances of their position, I do not mean to indicate, and if I might offer a hint to my contemporaries, it would be a gentle suggestion that they occupy too much time, paper, and language in geographical and genealogical details, very wearisome, because very unnecessary. Monsieur Pierre Lavallee then lived in a pretty house, near a certain village in a vine-growing district of the South of France, and when he took his young wife home, he showed her great stores of excellent things, calculated well for the comfortable subsistence of a youthful and worthy couple. Flowers and blossoming trees shed odor near the lattice windows, verdure soft and green was spread over the garden, and the mantling vine "laid forth the purple grape," over a rich and sunny plantation near at hand. The house was small, but neat, and well furnished in the style of the province, and Monsieur and Madame Pierre Lavallee lived very happily in plenty and content.

Here I leave them, and introduce the reader to Monsieur Antoine Perron, notary in the neighboring village.

Let me linger over a notice of this individual. He was a good man, and what was more curious, an honest lawyer. Indeed, in spite of my happy theory, I may say that such a good man, and such a good lawyer you could seldom meet. All the village knew him; he mixed up in every one's quarrels; not, as is usually the case, to make confusion worse confounded by a double-tongued hypocrisy, but to produce conciliation; he mingled in every one's affairs, not to pick up profit for himself, but to prevent the villagers from running into losses and imprudent speculations; he talked much, yet it was not slander but advice; he thought more, yet it was not over mischief, but on schemes of good; he was known to every body, yet none that knew him respected him the less on that account. He was a little, merry-looking man, that sought to appear grave when he was most inclined to merriment, and if he considered himself a perfect genius in his plans for effecting good, his vanity may be pardoned, because of the food it fed on.

M. Antoine Perron considered himself very ingenious, and if he had a fault, it was his love of originality. He never liked to perform any action in a common way, and never chuckled so gaily to himself, as when he had achieved some charitable end by some extraordinary means.

It was seven months after the marriage of M. Pierre Lavallee, M. Antoine Perron sat in his little parlor, and gazed with a glad eye upon the cheerful fire, for the short winter was just terminating. Leaning forward in his chair he shaded his face with his hands, and steadily perused the figures among the coals, with a most pleasant countenance. The room was small, neat, and comfortable, for the notary prospered, in his humble way, and seeking only comfort, found it, and was content.

Suddenly a violent knocking at the door aroused him from his reverie, and he heard his old servant rushing to open it. In a moment, two persons were ushered into the room, and the notary leaped to his feet in astonishment at the extraordinary scene before him. Had a thunderbolt cloven the roof, and passed through his hearth to its grave in the centre of the globe, or had the trees that nodded their naked branches without the window commenced a dance upon the snowy ground, he had not been more surprised.

Monsieur Pierre Lavallee and Madame Pierre Lavallee stood just inside the doorway. Never had Monsieur Perron seen them before, as he saw them now. Like turtle-doves, with smiling eyes and affectionate caresses they had lived in happy harmony during the seven months of their married life, and motherly dames, when they gave their daughters away, bade them prosper and be pleasant in their union, as they had been joyous in their love, pleasant and joyous, as neighbor Lavallee and his wife.

Now, Pierre stood red and angry, with his right arm extended, gesticulating toward his wife. Julie stood red and angry, with her left arm extended, gesticulating toward her husband. Eyes, that had only radiated smiles, flashed with fierce passion, as the turtle-doves remained near the door, each endeavoring to anticipate the other in some address to the worthy notary. He, aghast and perplexed, waited for the *denouement*.

"Madame," said Monsieur Pierre Lavallee, "allow me to speak."

"Monsieur," said Madame Pierre Lavallee, "I insist—"

"But, Madame, it is my—"

"But, Monsieur, I say I will."

"And yet I will."

"But no—"

"Madame, I shall."

"Then be careful what you do; M. Perron, M. Lavallee is mad."

Then the lady, having thus emphatically declared herself, resigned the right of speech to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LEADING AND LARGEST WEEKLY IN THE UNION.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is now, beyond all denial, the leading as well as the largest Weekly Paper in the United States. Its circulation is undeniably greater than that of any other paper, of the same kind, in the Union; while its literary contents are allowed, by the best judges, to be unsurpassed. Such tales as "The Deserted Wife," "Blansenskin," &c., &c., have placed "The Post," by almost universal acclamation, a "head and shoulders" above its contemporaries.

We now have the pleasure of announcing to the American public, that we have made arrangements with one of the

FIRST NOVELISTS IN AMERICA,

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," "Blansenskin," etc., by which the productions of her gifted pen will be secured hereafter (with the exception of an occasional story in a Washington paper)

EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mrs. Southworth, as an American novelist of great power—a rising Star in the West—has been hailed with acclamation by all those who can recognize genius as well as a native as in a foreign author. We design to commence a

NEW NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

about the beginning of the year. It will be entitled

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;

OR,

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A WINTER EVENING'S TALE.

How many Novelets MRS. SOUTHWORTH will be able to furnish during 1851, will depend upon the state of her health, etc.

In the interests of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we design publishing other and shorter Novelets from authors of admitted celebrity. We have two now on hand, which we shall publish as soon as possible:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. Arthur, Esq.

THE TEXAN HUNTRESS, by C. W. Webber, Author of "Old Hicks, the Guide," "The Shot in the Eye," etc.

And much else! What the proprietors of the Post promise, they perform—or do better. They do not announce a long list of distinguished contributors with whom they have made no arrangement, and whence stories never appear. Such a system may delude an intelligent public *one year*, but it will not succeed a second time. If the public are humbugged *once*, it is the fault of the humbugger; if *twice*, it is their own.

In addition to such chaste external articles, involving a large outlay of money, the columns of the Post will contain a great amount of Miscellaneous reading—such as 'tis

CREAM OF THE FOREIGN PERIODICALS,

Witty and Humorous articles, Selections from the Agricultural Journals, Riddles and Conundrums, etc., etc.

REPORTS OF LECTURES—during the year now we gave the celebrated Lectures on Shakspeare by Mr. Dana; and the instructive and interesting series of Dr. Bethune upon Greece—LITTELL'S TALES FROM ABROAD—GENERAL NEWS—Reports of the Markets—a Semi Note and Stock List, etc., etc.

One or more PORTRAITS of remarkable persons, or PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES are also weekly given.

A MORAL PAPER.

In conclusion, we may say—that we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a strictly moral paper; one that a parent may allow to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters. We need hardly repeat here, that the Post has done more to prevent the publication and sale of immoral works, than any half-a-dozen other papers in the land. *A careful guard shall also be kept, as heretofore, over our Advertising Columns, that no improper declarations may obtain admittance.*

In short, whatever is calculated to raise, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find the appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will *perform*, or be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-nine years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now the *largest* list of any paper of the same class, in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by any rival.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office:

4 Copies,	10.00	Per Annum.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.) 18.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.) 25.00	"
26 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.) 50.00	"

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, always post-paid,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 98 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST *as a sample*, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, post-paid.

---

her husband, who began to jerk out in disconnected phrases a statement of his case. Seven days ago he had succeeded in getting out each seven words; she had scarcely time to say an occasional brief answer; he had made matters worse by an aggravating retort; and she had widened the breach by a bitter reply. This little scrawl was succeeded by a cool calm, and that by a milder silence, until some sudden friction kindled a new flame, and finally after successive storms and lulls, there burst forth a furious conflagration, and in the violent collision of their anger, the seven months' married pair vowed to separate; and with that resolve had visited M. Ferrol. Inconsiderations they deplored was between perfectability, and they requested the notary at once to draw up the documents that should consign them to different homes, to subsist on a divided patrimony, as loveless and unhappy marriage. Each took a pale to hate, and the manner of reckon added fuel to the anger of the other. The man and the woman seemed to have leaped out of their nature in the accession of their passion. Fury had a quenchless thirst ever didst thou, from a cloud the axe of a man's hand in a thunderstorm that covers heaven with its black and clamorous canopy.

Neither would listen to reason. The deft of the notary was to prepare the process by which they were to be separated.

"Monsieur," he said, "I will arrange the affair for you; but you are acquainted with the laws of France in this respect?"

"I know nothing of the law," replied M. Pierre Lavalles.

"Madame," said the notary, "your wish shall be complied with. But you know what the law says on the head."

"I never read a law book," sharply exclaimed Madame Pierre Lavalles.

"Then," resumed the notary, "the case is thus. You must return to your house, and I will proceed to settle the preliminaries with the ordinary Court of Paris. They are very strict. You must furnish me with all the documents relative to the property."

"I have them here," put in the husband, by way of parenthesis.

"And the whole affair, including correspondence, propositions of settlements, etc., will be settled in less than three months."

"Three months! In less than three months."

"Yes, in less than three months."

"Then I must with a friend at the village, until it is finished," said Madame Lavalles, in a cool, contemptuous tone, void with those words they are a little ashamed of themselves—or any one else.

"Oh, very well, Madame—oh, very well."

"Not at all well, Monsieur, not at all well, Monsieur," said the notary, with a cold, incurative voice. "You must live as usual. It is not deeply my knowledge of the law, you will by reading through these seven books, find that the suit is speedier."

But the irritated couple were not disposed to undertake the acrimonious law, and shortly left the house by the door of exit. Walking the same way, but at a distance of a pace or so one from another.

Two months and twenty-seven days had passed, when the notary saw them both his house, and proceeded instant the house where Monsieur and Madame Lavalles dwelt. Since the initial night he have described, he had encountered each pair and he now, with a blank face and confident head, approached the dwelling.

It was a pretty place. Passing through the sunny turnpike where the Spring was just calling out the leaves, and the young shoots as yet in buds of tender green were sprouting in the Warmth of a constant ray; the notary entered a garden. Here the flowers, in infant bloom, had prepared the way for more abundant beauty, as Summer in her gay attire was tripping from the South, and as one passed, nature were gathered to adorn her bosom and wreathe about her arms. Early blossoms lent sweetness to the breath of the olde winds that loiterer in the morning air, and the last young primrose was seen over the last primrose, with shades of Spring, for most odorous and softly fragrant, that came out to bite their hour in serenely and safely, while the earth slept in their cool, and hopes had bright and gaudy hours of a more serious eclipse their beauty, fully developed, and in their prime.

Early noon twined on either side the porch, and as the notary entered, nothing stirred him more than the loud and cheerful appearance of the place. A domestic ushered him into a to the parlor, where Monsieur Pierre Lavalles and Madame Julie Lavalles had just sat down to partake breakfast.

A small table was drawn up close to the open Window, and various dishes found existence on the chamber. A sunny cloth hung down to the well-painted floor, and all while cups were placed upon it to rival it in purity and grace. Cakes of bread, much loved as is only had in the country, were piled in a basket, and rich brown foaming coffee fretted with cream, were spread before them, and a basket of fresh Spring flowers, whose perfume seemed to be the essence of sciences, scented the chamber with a delicate perfume.

The husband as it wife sat side by side, with their backs to the door, and were in the midst of amiable conversation, that they hardly noticed the entrance of the notary. The storm had passed away, and the sun, with its golden and radiant of spite, quick breathings, and disordered hair, was shining in the heart of each. Monsieur Lavalles spoke in a low, soft tone, and his wife listened kindness, and bosoms bearing with the storm, and the notary, as he stood at the doorway, that the two were almost in contact.

When M. Antoine Ferrou entered, they started; at length, and their reconciling was somewhat disturbed, looked once at another, and then at the gentleman who announced his address.

"Monsieur and Madame," said the notary, according to your desires, I come with all the documents necessary for your separation in the division of your property. They only wait your signature, and we will call in your own "and to be witness."

"Stop!" cried Madame Julie, laughing at her husband. "Pierre, explain to M. Ferrou."

"Ah, Monsieur Ferrou," said Monsieur Pierre Lavalles, "we had forgotten that, and hoped you would be in time to stop it. It is all right now."

"No, not a word," said Madame Julie. "We never quarrelled but once since we were married, and we never mean to quarrel again."

MORAL.

There is danger, however, which alarms me much more that any aggression of a foreign enemy.

Conspiracy of our own Church, under the auspices of "Temperance Associations, Anti-Sabbath-keeping Associations, and Anti-Foreign Associations," which have been the most formed in leading their flocks to the very verge of the party, and which they expect. The lower pool is made, the clan of Catholics in our Church, the ultimate object of the sign of the cross, the sheltering of the Jesuits so as to forget the Sabbath, and the Pope's power, the transmutation of ecclesiastic conventions, and the establishment of Catholic Associations—all these things are guarded and by the Bishops of the Church, and are openly reprehended by the Protestant clergy, and are openly reprehended by the Protestant clergy, and are openly reprehended by the Protestant clergy

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

POST-OFFICE REGULATIONS.

The following letter from the General Post-Office, which we find in a Cincinnati paper, settles the question whether casual papers sent from the publishing office, are to be pre-paid before being mailed:

Post-Office Department,
Appointment-Office, Oct. 24, 1850.

Sir:—Yours of the 16th instant, relative to the forwarding of newspapers placed in the Post-Office by a publisher has been received.

In reply, you are informed that the Post-Master of your place will be instructed to forward *all such newspapers agreeable to their address*, without the pre-payment of postage.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
D. SAUNDERS.
For the Second Assistant Post-Master-General.

Philadelphia Lying In Asylum.—A number of charitable ladies of this city, have organized an asylum for the relief of "indigent lying-in women." We believe that such Asylums are to be found in New York, and in all the large cities of Europe. Doubtless they are the means of preventing a great amount of suffering, at a time when all women have a peculiar right to be tenderly taken care of. We trust the charitable hearts of Philadelphia, will not forget this institution when they are "lending to the Lord."

Temporary Home Association.—On account ...

Miscellaneous.

JENNY LIND.

... she is plain, and the careless willingness with which she lets painters and Daguerreotypists make what they please of her. I noticed, by the way, that the engraved likenesses, which stick in every shop-window, had not made the public acquainted with her physiognomy, for, in a walk of two or three miles, in which I had the happiness of bearing her company, on a Sunday, and when the streets were crowded with the comers from church, there was no sign of a single recognition of her. It seemed the more strange, as many passed who, I knew, were among her worshippers, and any one of whom would confidently give a description of her features. So, do not be sure that you know how Jenny Lind looks, even when you have seen her Daguerreotypes and heard her sing!

In reading over what I have hastily written, I find it expresses what has grown upon me with seeing and hearing the great Songstress—a conviction that her present wonderful influence is but the forecast shadow of a different and more inspired exercise of power hereafter. Her magnetism is not all from a voice and a benevolent heart. The soul, while it feels her pass, recognizes the step of a spirit of tall stature, complete and unhalting in its proportions. We shall yet be called upon to admire rarer gifts in her than her voice. Deference and honor to her, meantime!

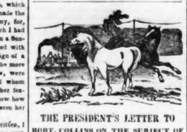
And with this invocation, I will close.

Clippings.

☞ To secure room in a crowd, carry a paint pot in each hand. Such people are treated with as much deference as if they were grand lamas or charcoal venders.

☞ Railroad Rule.—A writer in the Boston Traveller suggests the adoption of a rule by railroad conductors, that in every car none of the six forward windows on either side, shall be opened, if any one objects. Let those to whom sitting in a current of cold or damp air is dangerous or disagreeable, take the forward seats and be safe. Those, too, who need fresh air from without, could take the seats further back. As the opening of the forward windows of a moving car would make a thorough draft, extending to all the passengers, they should be closed, and the rear windows only ...

General News.



THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER TO ROBT. COLLINS ON THE SUBJECT OF CRAFTS, THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

We published last week a telegraphic summary of this letter. As we think, however, that our readers would like to read it at length, we have concluded to insert it:

State Department,
Washington, Saturday, Nov. 9.

Sir: I am instructed by the President to inform you that your letter of the 2d inst. addressed to him, inclosing several slips from newspapers, in reference to proceedings of a portion of the community of Boston on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law, was received by him yesterday, and that he has given to the letter and its inclosures careful perusal. You state in substance, that you are owner of Crafts, one of the Fugitive Slaves for whom warrants of arrest were issued in Boston, and call the President's attention to the inclosed slips, taken mostly from Northern papers, by which he will perceive the manner in which your agents were received and treated for merely asking that the Slaves be returned, according to the laws of the United States—that they have been arrested under various warrants as kidnappers, and on other frivolous pretences, and unreasonable bail demanded, and that your friends have become their sureties for more than $20,000. You also say that many cases in which officers have not performed their ...

THE ELECTIONS, &c.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK MARKETS, NOV. 23.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

ALMANAC.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Marriages.

Deaths.

Bank Note List.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE.
THE MONTHLY FOR THE MILLION.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

GODEY'S JANUARY NO. OF LADY'S BOOK, 1851.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—NO. 342.—

THE MENTOR.

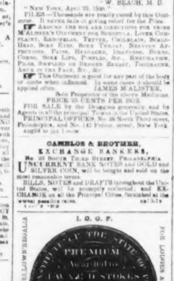
M'ALISTER'S ALL-HEALING OINTMENT.

THE DIVORCED WIFE.

WANTED.

GEORGE J. HENKELS, CABINET MAKER, AND UPHOLSTERER,

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY.



CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

ARCHER & WARNER, MANUFACTURERS, ELEGANT LAMPS,

PAPER HANGINGS.

SPECIMEN COPIES READY FOR MAILING.

NOW FOR 1851.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND ART.
THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNION!!
AND THE RECOGNIZED ORGAN OF AMERICAN INTELLECT.

We have engaged for 1851 the very highest order of mind. The writers are "known and approved of all men,"—authors of well earned fame who have by labor—God's own price for excellence of any kind—climbed the rugged hill

"Where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

In regard to young writers—it is our pride to take hold of those who really possess genius and talent of a marked order, and who belong to that range of nobility of mind, which is not afraid that toil will soil its fingers. Lowell, T. B. Read, Bayard Taylor, the glorious Chester county farmer boy, and a host of the brilliant stars among young and rising literary men of the age, first made their appearance in "Graham" and were *paid* for their very first articles, and for *every article since the first*.

Now we have no sympathy for decayed gentility which writes under all sorts of fancy names, but "the mob," may imagine it has to work for its bread. We shall have none of it! Dilapidated aristocratic notions and petulant and polish sentimentalism, wither, "fade, grow dim and die," in an atmosphere of vigorous American Thought.

THE JANUARY NUMBER CONTAINS
ORIGINAL ARTICLES FROM

WM. CULLEN BRYANT,	AUTHOR OF "RURAL HOURS,"
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,	GRACE GREENWOOD,
G. P. R. JAMES,	MISS L. VIRGINIA SMITH,
J. S. DWIGHT,	ALICE CAREY,
N. P. WILLIS,	MISS ENNA DUVAL,
GEO. P. MORRIS,	MRS. E. J. EAMES,
GEORGE D. PRENTICE,	MARY SPENSER PEASE,
HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,	R. H. STODDARD,
J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	D. H. BARLOW,
E. P. WHIPPLE,	C. J. EASTMAN,
ALFRED B. STREET,	T. WYATT, A. M.
J. M. LEGARE,	WM. P. BRANNAN,
T. BUCHANAN READ,	J. HUNT, JR.,
RICHARD PENN SMITH,	N. L. RUTTER.

We have gone a little out of our track, this month, and paid an *English author*, G. P. R. James, $500 for his story, for we do not see that we have and more right to appropriate a man's brain-work, than to put on his coat and hat, and march off as if the broad-cloth and felt were our own property. We have paid *all* of the contributors to this number *their own price*, and that right willingly—now the simple but pregnant questions which we put to the American press and American people, are:—"Shall we have an American Literature?" Is it as profitable to *ariseer as buy*?

We think that we—one of the hewers of wood and drawers of water, in the field of labor occupied by American magazines, have a right to ask these questions—and we ask them. Brothers of the hardy West, the sunny South and toiling East—*what say* YOU?

SPLENDID ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS.

THE SOURCE OF PROSPERITY—A magnificent line engraving by W. E. Tucker, from an original drawing by John Gilbert, of London.

UNION PARK, N. Y., most splendidly executed landscape engraving by Smillie, of Union Park, with a view of Spingler Institute. Unequalled in artistic beauty by any engraving in any other magazine of ...

... of the best Magazine on this continent; this, unless health, reason, or "seed time and harvest" fail us, we shall make this work.

TERMS—SINGLE COPIES $3.

PRICE OF CLUBS FOR 1851.

Two copies, $5; Five copies, $10; and Ten copies for $20, and an extra copy to the person sending the club of ten subscribers. These terms will not be departed from.

THE PUBLISHER STAKES HIS REPUTATION on the assertion, that this number of GRAHAM in high excellence, has never been approached in America or Europe, AND CHALLENGES HIS COMPETITORS TO EQUAL IT.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
No. 134 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE FOR 1851.

THE FIRST INSTALMENT PAID.

With the issue of the January Number of *SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE*, now ready for mail subscribers and distant agents, the public are in possession of the first instalment of the promises made by *SARTAIN* in his Prospectus for 1851. These promises have been fulfilled to the letter. The four leading Embellishments are truly Triumphs of Art!

THE ILLUMINATED FRONTISPIECE,

designed and executed in Chromo-Lithography, in *seven different colors*, by the celebrated house of DONDORF, of Frankfort, Germany, is emblematical of the Four Seasons. For appropriateness of design, richness of coloring, and exquisite grace in the grouping, it has elicited unbounded encomiums from all who have seen it.

THE ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE,

a Line Engraving of the finest quality, designed and executed by two of the most eminent artists of London, illustrates with equal truth and beauty that happy combination of art and literature which is ever to be found in the pages of *SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE*.

PREPARING MOSES FOR THE FAIR,

excels, if possible, either of the preceding. It unites the minute finish of the Line and Stipple process with the softness and the strong lights of Mezzotinto.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD,

is one of those glorious Mezzotints, for which Mr. Sartain has made himself so justly celebrated.

Besides these four leading Embellishments, each so perfect in itself, and yet each so unlike the other, the January number contains the first seven of that extraordinary series of

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST,

executed in London, under the superintendence of CHARLES HEATH, viz:

THE OFFERING OF THE MAGI,	THE HEALING OF THE LEPER,
THE PREACHING of JOHN THE BAPTIST,	CHRIST SENDING OUT THE APOSTLES,
THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT,	CHRIST CURING ONE SICK of the PALSY,

CHRIST HEALING THE DEMONIAC.

It contains also the first of a series of

PICTORIAL ENIGMAS,

with original designs by Mr. Sartain, and the first of a still more remarkable and beautiful series of designs by HARVEY, twelve in number, one for each month, illustrating the

LIFE OF MAN AND OF THE YEAR.

Besides these, we may mention a ...

THE LITERARY CONTENTS

Selected Poetry.

CHILDHOOD AND DEATH.

BY O. S. SIMMONS.

Wail they through who carved the sapphi
In the old cathedral pane,
Where the little children's dawn
Dazzles upon the solemn aisles;
Symbols meet of faith and trusting,
Pleasure hath, throughout all years,
Spoken, laden like, unto us,
Where all tears and sorrows cease.

Every morn a flower unfolds,
Every eve a blossom dies,
Scarcely opened to the sunlight,
Low upon the earth I see.
Little children, God's own flowers,
Sweep upon the mother's breast,
Like the leaves of childhood faiths,
Angels send them to their rest.

Mourn not for the little children
In the grassy graves that lie;
They have journeyed with sorrow not
To their open homes on high;
Death hath let them sleeping long,
Death hath been the voice of love,
Calling them from sin and sorrow,
To the better land above.

On a night of young our land
There is sorrow in the place;
Tearful-eyed the mother passes
Through the darkness and their face.
Little children, treading softly,
Chamber coming round her,
Loving voices whisper lowly,
Tender hands support the head.

Hark! the dying child is speaking,
Now no voice disturbs her;
Now the shadowy head upraised,
Wipes away the clinging hair;
Softly to her hovering bosom
Is the dying dear one pressed,
Fondly dreams it fostered footsteps
Can the shadow of her breast.

"Mother, mother, come no nearer—
There's a light upon your face;
Angels bright, with bright faces,
Make a resolence in the place.
See you not their forms, mother?
Hear you not the words they say?
Then they smile upon me sweetly,
Now they beckon me away."

"Hush! cool softly, press me closer—
Rid my fevered senses yours;
They are coming nearer, nearer—
Now the breath I scent is fear;
Now a solemn strain is sending,
Now they whisper in my ear,
Like the swell of that sweet music
In the church I used to hear.

"Mother, tell me, am I dying?
Are those angels that I see?
Are they sent by God from heaven?
Have they come to summon me?
Will they stain upon my couch?
As they smile upon me now?
Shall I wear an angel's wings,
Bear a brightness on my brow?

"Mother, let me hear the psalmsy,
Where in church the children pass,
Where was used to sit in summer,
Midst the flowers and the grass,
Of soaring if they heard our voices
Who heard so powerful step,
If the angels the we read of
Ever visited their worship-up kept.

"Shall I hear my little sisters
When at evening time they pray?
Shall I from an window, weeping?
Shall I see them in the day?
Sometimes in them come, my mother,
To the grave wherein I lie,
Tell them, mother—mother dearest,
'I'm a happy thing to die.

"Come, kiss me once again, mother,
For your face whole bright;
I can scarcely see my sisters,
For there is a veil of light.
Now they lend their closing farce,
Now they kiss me on the cheek—
Now you not the voices they gave me?
Hear you not the words they speak?

"Mother, I am weak of voice,
Tarling, thrilling through the air;
Thousand would the silent voices
Holy hymns are singing there.
Close my lighter, mother, kiss me—
Closer, closer, while I pray;
Now the light the moon, mother,
Oh, farewell! away—away!"

Smooth the hair, and close the eye-lids,
Let the window curtains fall,
With a smile upon her features,
Thus hath answered to the call.
Let the children kiss her gently,
As she lies upon the bed,
Undisturbed be to His heaven,
And the little one is dead.

Choice Extracts.

CURIOUS ENGLISH SECTS.

[William Hewitt, in his "Country Year Book," says that "you can scarcely go into any part of England but you find a religious sect peculiar to it." We quote from his book the following interesting and amusing account of several of these singular sects:]

HYRONITES AND THORNITES.

I have been much struck, as every stranger must be, who traverses that angular county, with the religious people of Cornwall. John Wesley labored long and zealously among its swarming, and then half-wild population. He was rarely treated by them on many occasions; but at length he succeeded in gaining an accustomary over them, and civilized and christianized a vast number of them. Nothing is more striking in that populous county of mines, than the still abounding number of Methodists. Where there is no church, there is sure to be a Methodist chapel; and where there is a church, there is not a chapel twice as big.

If you chance to be crossing one of their gray moors in an evening, among the cottages as innocently scattered over them, you can occasionally coming to one in which a prayer-meeting is holding, and if it comes to pause and peep at the little window, and see the hut so jammed full of people that it seems ready to burst. There is the fire and the old dresser, and shelves, with its rows of plates shining in the fire-light, and all that is our idea of hovel beauty, while some one is pouring forth a most zealous supplication, responded to by exclamations and groans on occasion. On most occasions you may hear the language of Canaan—Hebrew idioms, which nothing but the mother-tool and pure growth of the district and people could give birth to.

"Brother!" continued one of those rude orators, as I supposed a shoulder by passing such a hut:—brother, how excellent a thing is prayer! How often have we kneeled down with hearts so hard as the brick under our knees, and spirits as dry as the coal in the chinks between them, and presently have come up half-way in the Lord!"

I was lying one Sunday on the top of an old stone wall, near Boscastle, protecting myself from the sun, partly with my umbrella, and partly by the shade of a small tree—when, by a rare chance, happened to be growing on that treeless coast, I saw two young men passing near me, and gave me a passing salutation. I learned at them, and found them to be two young men of the Hyronites, or Primitive Methodists, as they are called in the mainland counties. They had on blue coats without collars, and broad-brimmed hats, having a certain resemblance in the garments generally to those worn by the Quakers of the Quaker costume. As the female Methodist dresses also like a Friend, yet, by a knowing eye, can never be confounded with the female Friend—the colors and materials of her dress, as well as some particular cleanliness in the crown of her bonnet, betraying the difference.

Wishing to learn something of the numbers of the Primitive Methodists in this State, I quickly got up and followed them. I soon found that they were Methodists, and going to preach in two villages not far off: but when I asked them if they were Primitive Methodists, they said,

"Primitive Methodists! Why not Christians?"

"Oh, Easters, I mean—we call them Easters."

"Easters, sir, what are Easters?"

"What, don't you know what Easters are?"

"No, sir."

Then what do you call yourselves?"

"Oh, we are Hyronites, sir."

"And what are Hyronites? In what do you differ from the Wesleyan Methodists?"

"Oh, we don't differ at all, sir; we are all one, sir."

"Then why do you differ?"

"Why, Mr. Hewitt, we can't exactly agree with the Conference, and so left the old connection; and so we followed Mr. Hyron."

A little farther on, I saw a great number of people pouring out of a chapel, and I stopped, and addressing a little knot of them, said,

"Well, I suppose you are Hyronites?"

"No, sir, we are Thornites." (Thornites.)

"Oh, and pray what are Thornites? In what do you differ from the Hyronites?"

"Oh, we don't differ at all, sir; we are all one, sir."

Then I again asked—"Why so you differ?"

"Oh, Mr. Thorn left Mr. Hyron, and so we followed Mr. Thorn."

"Really! that was it? I suppose you ruled your Bible?"

"Yes, sir; oh, yes, sir."

"Well, there is one text that I wonder you have not happened to meet with."

"What is that, sir?"

"Why, 'Some are for Paul, and some for Apollos, and some for Cephas, but I am for Jesus Christ.' You seem to be following after your parsons, and are not Christians."

"Oh, very good, sir—all very good, sir."

And so I left those very accommodating Thornites, wondering what John Wesley would have made of them.

MULOGGITES.

If the forms of Hyronites and Thornites have not reached many of my more Northern readers, possibly that of the Mulogglites may. Lord Byron, in his Journal, tells us, that a certain Mr. Mulock had called on him at Pisa, and wished to convert him to some new kind of Christianity. Thus Mr. Thomas Mulock is, or was, a gentleman of good family and education. I think he had been Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and had the best prospects. He wrote a variety of no mean merit, and was elected in connection with Canning, and his brighter worldly prospects, had fastened on English literature by means of the "Quarterly Review," and he had ventured to speak so plainly his opinion of the character and career of Reverently, that other officers who had served under him sent the lecturer word, that if he requested such testimonials, they would feel obliged to call him to account. On receiving this message, he repeated the lecture verbatim, and the Board of Visitors took a threat of commendation. The man had evidently no lack of talent, and had he religious creed been as possible as it was bodily emaciated, he was a new kind of Christianity" might have become popular. As it was, he at one time lived on the formerly-promised Bradbourne Puritanism as the identity of Presbyterianism and the shadow of her bosom.

"Mother, mother, come no nearer—
There's a light upon your face;
Angels bright, with bright faces,
Make a resolence in the place.
See you not their forms, mother?
Hear you not the words they say?
Then they smile upon me sweetly,
Now they beckon me away."

"Hush! cool softly, press me closer—
Rid my fevered senses yours;
They are coming nearer, nearer—
Now the breath I scent is fear;
Now a solemn strain is sending,
Now they whisper in my ear,
Like the swell of that sweet music
In the church I used to hear.

"Mother, tell me, am I dying?
Are those angels that I see?
Are they sent by God from heaven?
Have they come to summon me?
Will they stain upon my couch?
As they smile upon me now?
Shall I wear an angel's wings,
Bear a brightness on my brow?

"Mother, let me hear the psalmsy,
Where in church the children pass,
Where was used to sit in summer,
Midst the flowers and the grass,
Of soaring if they heard our voices
Who heard so powerful step,
If the angels the we read of
Ever visited their worship-up kept.

"Shall I hear my little sisters
When at evening time they pray?
Shall I from an window, weeping?
Shall I see them in the day?
Sometimes in them come, my mother,
To the grave wherein I lie,
Tell them, mother—mother dearest,
'I'm a happy thing to die.

"Come, kiss me once again, mother,
For your face whole bright;
I can scarcely see my sisters,
For there is a veil of light.
Now they lend their closing farce,
Now they kiss me on the cheek—
Now you not the voices they gave me?
Hear you not the words they speak?

"Mother, I am weak of voice,
Tarling, thrilling through the air;
Thousand would the silent voices
Holy hymns are singing there.
Close my lighter, mother, kiss me—
Closer, closer, while I pray;
Now the light the moon, mother,
Oh, farewell! away—away!"

Smooth the hair, and close the eye-lids,
Let the window curtains fall,
With a smile upon her features,
Thus hath answered to the call.
Let the children kiss her gently,
As she lies upon the bed,
Undisturbed be to His heaven,
And the little one is dead.

"Oh, Mr. Thorn left Mr. Hyron, and so we followed Mr. Thorn."

"Really! that was it? I suppose you ruled your Bible?"

"Ah!" said Edward, laughing, "that's rather better. Yours is no turtle of a bat, William, certainly; but it won't hold the sky—that's rather broader than your pocket."

"Then," said William, "how's such a little head to hold the light of the lamp of the sky?"

Edward His creature, which, like God himself, its heaven of heavens cannot contain."

"But," said Edward, "what kind of a thing do you suppose a spirit is? Do you imagine it a thin, thinnish thing, like a mist, or a shadow? You just could see through? What shall we be like, then, you, William?"

"Like!—why, I tell thee, the spirit is the real man. We shall be like what we are. What then sweet is only the shell—the husk of the man; the spirit is the real man."

"What!" exclaimed the impetuous youngster, "do you expect to rise, William, with your Quaker coat and hat on?—with your cough, rheumatism, asthma, and all?"

"Ah! and then feel—as—asthma. I expect delightful breathings on the heavenly plains; but I can not drive it into thee that all these things are as much husk as my old coat. The spirit is the actual man; and when I rise, I count upon having just as I do now, my head and old body coming himself up to lawful judge and jury, and the latter to the tribunal of Judges, as a subject for at the word "attention!"—only rather younger," added he, gravely, "and a little handsomer."

Here ended this psychological dialogue; for the young men went off laughing at William's grotesquely solemn image, and, apparently very much tickled with his counting upon being "rather younger and a little handsomer," at the resurrection. "Well, that's a good 'no,' however."

Many years after, I met with William Hewitt, having a curiosity to hear the preaching of the Swedenborgian, or New Jerusalemers, on going, on a Sunday afternoon, into their place of worship—a curious little chapel in a very intricate mass of buildings, behind an old inn. We were late, sitting in the pulpit with his hat on, as a matching Friend sits in the gallery of his own meeting. I never had the slightest suspicion that William went anywhere but to the Friends' meetings, and was very much struck by his presence. But it appeared that he had long been a Swedenborgian, and a preacher among them, for he took on the most amusing plan—that Friends in their meetings, where all sinks in deep devotion, Friends, who put down all "high and soaring imaginations," who put human reason and all fights of fancy under the feet, and sit in a waiting down to worship in their meetings, feel their minds with the whip of sharpest abstraction; a man should come in, and, in a long, rambling, beaking, stock-jobbing, or whatever else of practicable or seductive reign over them all, set at the feet of Friends! and the fellowship of Emanuel Swedenborg, who believed in, and taught the practicability of walking and talking with the body, by the power of faith, at will; who spoke with as much assurance of the realities between human life and Heaven, where spirits, good and bad, await their final doom; who was the inspired writer of all sides in dreams and insights, marching along the spiritual land, actually commissioned by the Lord to write a book of their minds with the whip of sharpest abstraction; a man should come in, and, in a long, rambling, beaking, stock-jobbing, or whatever else of practicable or seductive reign over them all, set at the feet of Friends! and the fellowship of Emanuel Swedenborg, who believed in, and taught the practicability of walking and talking with the body, by the power of faith, at will; who spoke with as much assurance of the realities between human life and Heaven, where spirits, good and bad, await their final doom; who was the inspired writer of all sides in dreams and insights!" was put human reason and all fights of fancy under the feet, and sit in a waiting down to worship in their meetings, feel their minds with the whip of sharpest abstraction; a man should come in, and, in a long, rambling, beaking, stock-jobbing, or whatever else of practicable or seductive reign over them all, set at the feet of Friends! and the fellowship of Emanuel Swedenborg, who believed in, and taught the practicability of walking and talking with the body, by the power of faith, at will; who spoke with as much assurance of the realities between human life and Heaven, where spirits, good and bad, await their final doom; who was the inspired writer of all sides in dreams and insights!" was put human reason and all fights of fancy under the feet, and sit in a waiting down to worship in their meetings, feel their minds with the whip of sharpest abstraction; a man should come in, and, in a long, rambling, beaking, stock-jobbing, or whatever else of practicable or seductive reign over them all, set at the feet of Friends! and the fellowship of Emanuel Swedenborg, who believed in, and taught the practicability of walking and talking with the body, by the power of faith, at will; who spoke with as much assurance of the realities between human life and Heaven, where spirits, good and bad, await their final doom; who was the inspired writer of all sides in dreams and insights!"

The discourse of Mr. Mulock was a most remarkable harangue. It was without arrangement. He plainly informed you that "he was the man, and that wisdom died for with him." According to him, all the world was lying in ignorance, and that light dawned in the person of Mr. Mulock his head. You were led almost to believe that since the days of the apostles, nobody had even the glimpse of the truth but Thomas Molock, and Thomas Mulock. It was certain that no body at that time knew it but Thomas Mulock—he was himself. He assured us that all the preachers—the Christian preachers—in the world were preaching what they did not understand, and all the missionaries, to every region of the globe, were preaching what they did not understand, on a business which they knew nothing about. They were honest, that he had heard proved, and was the clergyman of Stoke, where he was then preaching, who candidly confessed that he knew not a word!

Mr. Mulock did not inform us why Christianity, after having come down to the present day in facets, was again made a sealed and unintelligible thing, to be opened, and the coming of the true blue-coated prophet; nor why he, who alone could understand the mysteries of God, was to be found preaching to about threescore persons, while so many ignorant preachers were turning the world upside down! Nor was he in many millions with false intelligence; but he was evidently pressed in his remarks on the ignorance of some undetected in the neighborhood, to name the fact that there were "a few" in Christianity," and who had proved so miraculous as Lord Byron.

When he had concluded his discourse, a worthy, pithy, a very tall man, in his long white apron, knelt down and prayed that the preacher might be changed; that old and hearts might be taken away, and new ones given in the place; poor fellow, notwithstanding he had been in the prayer full of thanksgiving to God, that such a light had been sent to them, and that Mr. Mulock had been sent among them, and he seemed resolved that he should not be changed; and that he was the clergyman of Stoke, where he was then preaching, who candidly confessed that he knew not a word!

He expressed his most unfeigned astonishment at the blindness of the human understanding, and at the power of the devil in keeping it in darkness. He declared that he never was there a more striking instance of the wide-spreading power of the devil, and that all exertions were vain till it pleased the Almighty to send His grace into the soul; for here, he said, he had been for years preaching and explaining the real nature of the Christian religion, and yet he could not get one person to believe him. Not one would be changed. He had told them a wonderful truth, and yet not one would be changed; that not old hearts would be taken away, and new ones given in the place. In poor fellow, notwithstanding he had been in the prayer full of thanksgiving to God, that such a light had been sent to them, and that Mr. Mulock had been sent among them, and he seemed resolved that he should not be changed; and that he was the clergyman of Stoke, where he was then preaching, who candidly confessed that he knew not a word!

He expressed his most unfeigned astonishment at the blindness of the human understanding, and at the power of the devil in keeping it in darkness. He declared that he never was there a more striking instance of the wide-spreading power of the devil, and that all exertions were vain till it pleased the Almighty to send His grace into the soul; for here, he said, he had been for years preaching and explaining the real nature of the Christian religion, and yet he could not get one person to believe him. Not one would be changed. He had told them a wonderful truth, and yet not one would be changed; that not old hearts would be taken away, and new ones given in the place. In poor fellow, notwithstanding he had been in the prayer full of thanksgiving to God, that such a light had been sent to them, and that Mr. Mulock had been sent among them, and he seemed resolved that he should not be changed; and that he was the clergyman of Stoke, where he was then preaching, who candidly confessed that he knew not a word!

I was lying one Sunday on the top of an old stone wall, near Boscastle, protecting myself from the sun, partly with my umbrella, and partly by the shade of a small tree—when, by a rare chance, happened to be growing on that treeless coast, I saw two young men passing near me, and gave me a passing salutation. I learned at them, and found them to be two young men of the Hyronites, or Primitive Methodists, as they are called in the mainland counties. They had on blue coats without collars, and broad-brimmed hats, having a certain resemblance in the garments generally to those worn by the Quakers of the Quaker costume. As the female Methodist dresses also like a female Friend, yet, by a knowing eye, can never be confounded with the female Friend—the colors and materials of her dress, as well as some particular cleanliness in the crown of her bonnet, betraying the difference.

Wishing to learn something of the numbers of the Primitive Methodists in this State, I quickly got up and followed them. I soon found that they were Methodists, and going to preach in two villages not far off: but when I asked them if they were Primitive Methodists, they said,

"Primitive Methodists! Why not Christians?"

"Oh, Easters, I mean—we call them Easters."

"Easters, sir, what are Easters?"

"What, don't you know what Easters are?"

"No, sir."

Then what do you call yourselves?"

"Oh, we are Hyronites, sir."

"And what are Hyronites? In what do you differ from the Wesleyan Methodists?"

"Oh, we don't differ at all, sir; we are all one, sir."

"Then why do you differ?"

"Why, Mr. Hewitt, we can't exactly agree with the Conference, and so left the old connection; and so we followed Mr. Hyron."

A little farther on, I saw a great number of people pouring out of a chapel, and I stopped, and addressing a little knot of them, said,

"Well, I suppose you are Hyronites?"

"No, sir, we are Thornites." (Thornites.)

"Oh, and pray what are Thornites? In what do you differ from the Hyronites?"

"Oh, we don't differ at all, sir; we are all one, sir."

Then I again asked—"Why so you differ?"

"Oh, Mr. Thorn left Mr. Hyron, and so we followed Mr. Thorn."

"Really! that was it? I suppose you ruled your Bible?"

"Ah!" said Edward, laughing, "that's rather better. Yours is no turtle of a bat, William, certainly; but it won't hold the sky—that's rather broader than your pocket."

"Then," said William, "how's such a little head to hold the light of the lamp of the sky?"

"But," said Edward, "what kind of a thing do you suppose a spirit is? Do you imagine it a thin, thinnish thing, like a mist, or a shadow? You just could see through? What shall we be like, then, you, William?"

"Like!—why, I tell thee, the spirit is the real man. We shall be like what we are. What then sweet is only the shell—the husk of the man; the spirit is the real man."

"What!" exclaimed the impetuous youngster, "do you expect to rise, William, with your Quaker coat and hat on?—with your cough, rheumatism, asthma, and all?"

"Ah! and then feel—as—asthma. I expect delightful breathings on the heavenly plains; but I can not drive it into thee that all these things are as much husk as my old coat. The spirit is the actual man; and when I rise, I count upon having just as I do now, my head and old body coming himself up to lawful judge and jury, and the latter to the tribunal of Judges, as a subject for at the word "attention!"—only rather younger," added he, gravely, "and a little handsomer."

Here ended this psychological dialogue; for the young men went off laughing at William's grotesquely solemn image, and, apparently very much tickled with his counting upon being "rather younger and a little handsomer," at the resurrection. "Well, that's a good 'no,' however."

Many years after, I met with William Hewitt, having a curiosity to hear the preaching of the Swedenborgian, or New Jerusalemers, on going, on a Sunday afternoon, into their place of worship—a curious little chapel in a very intricate mass of buildings, behind an old inn. We were late, sitting in the pulpit with his hat on, as a matching Friend sits in the gallery of his own meeting. I never had the slightest suspicion that William went anywhere but to the Friends' meetings, and was very much struck by his presence. But it appeared that he had long been a Swedenborgian, and a preacher among them, for he took on the most amusing plan—that Friends in their meetings, where all sinks in deep devotion, Friends, who put down all "high and soaring imaginations," who put human reason and all fights of fancy under the feet, and sit in a waiting down to worship in their meetings, feel their minds with the whip of sharpest abstraction; a man should come in, and, in a long, rambling, beaking, stock-jobbing, or whatever else of practicable or seductive reign over them all, set at the feet of Friends! and the fellowship of Emanuel Swedenborg, who believed in, and taught the practicability of walking and talking with the body, by the power of faith, at will; who spoke with as much assurance of the realities between human life and Heaven, where spirits, good and bad, await their final doom; who was the inspired writer of all sides in dreams and insights!" was put human reason and all fights of fancy under the feet, and sit in a waiting down to worship in their meetings, feel their minds with the whip of sharpest abstraction; a man should come in, and, in a long, rambling, beaking, stock-jobbing, or whatever else of practicable or seductive reign over them all, set at the feet of Friends! and the fellowship of Emanuel Swedenborg, who believed in, and taught the practicability of walking and talking with the body, by the power of faith, at will; who spoke with as much assurance of the realities between human life and Heaven, where spirits, good and bad, await their final doom; who was the inspired writer of all sides in dreams and insights!" was put human reason and all fights of fancy under the feet, and sit in a waiting down to worship in their meetings, feel their minds with the whip of sharpest abstraction; a man should come in, and, in a long, rambling, beaking, stock-jobbing, or whatever else of practicable or seductive reign over them all, set at the feet of Friends! and the fellowship of Emanuel Swedenborg, who believed in, and taught the practicability of walking and talking with the body, by the power of faith, at will; who spoke with as much assurance of the realities between human life and Heaven, where spirits, good and bad, await their final doom; who was the inspired writer of all sides in dreams and insights!"

The last of the day, and the evening of the old man's years, had comfortably composed the congregation. I looked round, and could see a cloud smiling at the scene. Out of the thirty persons present, there was not one whose countenance was not in repose. They were "at sedile."

By John's prayer were ranged two seats, on which sat the chief singers. Thereabouts, the only man awake was the man with the pitch-pipe. He was a very old man, and had on his head the neat hymn, which, having found, he began to look about him, and when he hastily set to work with his thumb, to call their attention to the place; most of whom, being duly notified, then settled themselves, and then began to sing. Behind two seats, and then came the congregation, the women standing, but over which they were no longer in the beep.

Behind the singers, and close to the pulpit, sat the old squire, with his head fallen forward on his breast, and his hat off, and his hands folded, and leaning on his stick, and sound asleep